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Foreign Letter

COLPORTEUR WORK IN ITALY.

A few days ago I returned from my first real evangelistic colporteur trip in Italy. Following the example of the Master when he sent out the Seventy, I was accompanied by a fellow laborer, our good brother, Mattel, who has had much experience in such work. I found him not only a genial companion, but an enthusiastic, well qualified, and successful colporteur. He is pious, well informed, especially in the scriptures, knows the difficulties of the people, and in general is prepared with a ready and intelligent response to any question of objection that may be offered. Not infrequently I became much interested in his conversation with individuals, and group of persons we chanced to meet.

Our course led us over historic and sacred ground; a one the base of Alba Longa, over the Volturno Mountains, across the Pontine Marshes to Appia Forum, and down the far-famed Appian Way to Terracina, beautifully situated on the Sea, and thence across mountain and valley to the railroad, and to Rome again, in all a distance of nearly two hundred miles. Our mode of traveling was by rail, by stage, by carriage, by donkey, and on foot.

The first half of our journey lay through territory once famous as the haunts of the well-known Banditti, said to have been in the employ of the Pope. The only encouragement and afforded them protection in the midst of their lawless deeds, but were ever ready to grant them absolution for the past and unlimited indulgence for the future.

At Velletri, our first halting place, we were unexpectantly reminded of these things, by being informed that this stage was never to take but a few days before, been assailed and robbed. We were accompanied, however, by two strong, well-armed soldiers, and reached our destination in safety, the only inconvenience being double fare for our protection.

We really began our work in Carr, an ancient mountain town of 6,000 inhabitants. Seven years ago Bro. Mattel visited the place and in spite of difficulties and opposition did some good work. I was surprised to find that he was at once recognized by a number of persons, which at first seemed to disagree with the statement of Bro. Mattel.

Bro. Mattel proposed that we engage in prayer before beginning work. He began in substance as follows: "Oh Lord we have come here to work for thee, and thou seest that they begin to be rather cast down and discouraged, because the people recognize us as the colporteur who visited them seven years ago. I am afraid this will hinder our work, and make our success less certain. I had hoped to take the people by surprise, and that we might almost finish our work before we were recognized. But thou knowest best, O Lord, and we commit ourselves into thy hands." His fears were not well grounded, for besides being cordially welcomed by several of his former friends, and in the main kindly treated by the people, we sold eleven New Testaments, distributed a number of tracts, and talked face to face with scores of the inhabitants.

Early in the morning we started on foot across the mountains to Norma, a small village of some two or three thousand inhabitants, and distance from Carr about eleven miles. Our reception on the part of the people was anything but cordial. We sold five or six New Testaments, and did a good deal of talking, but almost everywhere met either opposition or indifference and unbelief. Most of the people are ignorant and superstitious, and the majority of the better class seemed to have no religious faith whatever. Even now my heart aches as I think of the deserted village, "left like Jerusalem, an old desolate, apparently forsaken of God." It is a notable fact that in these towns and villages near Rome, where Priests have been numerous and the church has had unlimited power, we find not so much opposition, as in the mountainous, and staid indifference. In fact, no Christianity has destroyed the religious sense of the people.

In Norma it was my privilege to visit a most interesting antiquity reaching back more than 2,000 B. C. It is the ruins of a city of the Volsicians, the entire outline of which is clearly visible, and large portions of the massive walls are still in a state of excellent preservation. How strange it seemed to pass through the great gateway of the City and reflect that there it had stood since before the foundation of Rome. The people of the neighborhood say that great treasures were hid beneath the ruins, paged there by the inhabitants during a seven year siege they endured before this city was finally destroyed, and that in the midst of the ruins, the supposed doorway to a great store-house, is said to be the place of the destruction of the city. The superstitions will not enter it, their fears being stronger than their avarice.

While in Norma I missed but little of getting free lodgings for a night or two at the hands of the government. Bro. Mattel says it was only the kindness and leniency of the government officers that saved me. On being asked if I had my passport, I was compelled to reply

in the negative, and thus expose myself to arrest. The young officer put to me several other questions, which, accompanied by a fixed, searching gaze, did not prove very calming to my nerves. Then and there I made the resolution not to run the risk again of arrest and temporary imprisonment for the sake of a few dollars, the price of a passport. The law expects every man in Italy, whether native or foreign, to carry a passport when he leaves home, and he who travels without it does it at his own risk. A few years ago an English Missionary (Mr. Wall) while on one of his colporteur tours was arrested and stayed a day and night in a dark, dirty prison because he could not show his passport. A few months ago an English gentleman, who was spending a few weeks in Rome on his journey, was arrested by a "fascist" band, was unexpectedly arrested. He had been taken for another man, and but for his passport, which, fortunately, he carried in his pocket, he would have been detained till letters and papers could have reached him from England. When one travels abroad it is well to carry a passport.

From Norma we had planned to go to Sezze, a distance of some ten miles, and to make the trip on foot. We were advised, however, not to attempt it, as the heavy rain of the previous night had made the road very muddy. Our only resort was to hire two small, pack-donkeys, about the smallest I had ever seen. Having mounted I found that my feet were only five or six inches from the ground, and I soon began to feel that I was much more able to walk than the poor little, patient, hard-worked donkey was to carry me. When three or four miles from the end of our journey, finding the road in good condition, we dismissed our donkeys. The rapid walk along a turnpike road down the mountain side, through a beautiful valley, and up to the little city of Sezze, was interesting and refreshing. We arrived late in the afternoon, and only had time to survey the grounds and prepare to begin work early the next morning.

Sezze is an ancient mountain city of some ten thousand inhabitants, and has for many generations been completely under the influence of the Priests. The site is charming, commanding an extensive view of the Roman Campagna, the Pontine marshes, the Appian Way, Appia Forum, the Three Taverns, and in the distance the Mediterranean, of which it was an inspiration to look out on such a scene. We began work on the outskirts of the city, gradually making our way to the centre, the more aristocratic portion. Passing from door to door we threaded scores of narrow, dirty streets, offering our Testaments for sale, distributing small tracts, and talking with all who gave us an opportunity. We found not a few of the people kindly disposed and ready to listen with pleasure to the truth as presented by us, but when asked to buy a New Testament, the almost universal response was, "I can't read." Some of the poor people laughed at the very idea of buying a book, adding that books were for rich people who had nothing to do but read and never imagined that such profound ignorance could exist in this day in any European city. Out of Catholic countries I suppose it would not be possible. A gentleman told me that there were probably eight thousand people in the place who could not read. On reaching the centre of the city, where are the government offices, the offices of the military, and the police, we found more encouragement, and succeeded, finally, in selling twenty-two New Testaments. Several gentlemen treated us kindly, encouraged us in our work, and did not hesitate to say that the sad condition of the city was largely due to priestly influence. Late in the day we attended the meeting of a local social and literary club, where we confidently expected to meet with success. To our astonishment we only found drinking and gambling, and hence had not the heart to mention the object of our visit. At night, after supper, in the dining room of the inn, we sold six Testaments and talked four to a small, but attentive audience, including our host and his family. He told us that his brother-in-law was a missionary among the Indians in America, and that he had made much money. While in Sezze I visited the spot where, seven years ago, a young Priest publicly burned a large family Bible which he had just bought from brother Mattel. The fact became generally known and proved rather a help than a hindrance to the work. The courageous little colporteur, standing near the burning Bible, said to the Priest and the people, "And such would be the fate of the poor colporteur were he still living at other times."

But I have already written too much, and must defer the remainder of my account to another time.

JOHN H. EAGLE.

Rome, Dec.

When you get up a temperance, entertainment, don't omit the temperance from the programme. Scrutinize the quantity of everything produced before it is placed on the programme. This is a necessary safeguard to prevent anything improper being presented, and to insure the objects and principles of the Order being kept before the people.

Our Pulpit.

UNFAIRNESS IN THE TREATMENT OF RELIGION.

BY E. S. HAYSON, D. D., IN FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CHICAGO.

The Pharisees also with the Sadducees, came, and tempting, desired him that he would show them a sign from Heaven.

He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, it will be fair weather; for the sky is red. And in the morning, it will be foul weather to-day; for the sky is red and blowing. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye discern the signs of the times? Yea, ye can.

Christ's coming contemporaries, pretending to be honest inquirers after truth, but in point of fact being hypocrites at heart, were constantly clamoring for conclusive demonstration of the divine commission of the Great Teacher, who claimed to be the Son of God. Proofs in plenty had they, bearing full upon them in constellated splendor. The portals of his birth—the star, the angels, the shepherds, and the Magi; the exact fulfillment of minutest ancient prophecies as to the time of his birth, the place of his birth, the stock of which he should come, and the manner of his coming; every utterance of the Carpenter of Nazareth, who spoke, according to their own confession, as never man had spoken before, though all taught in the learning of the schools; the resplendent miracles of his hands, and the matchless beauty of his life—all these bore testimony with unanswerable eloquence, but still, in the eyes of the Pharisees, they were not enough.

The sun of righteousness full orbed had risen upon them, but, closing their eyes, they absurdly complained of its sufficiency of light.

And yet if every stone beneath their feet had cried out, and every star above their heads had uttered its voice, and every angel of God had sounded a trumpet in attestation of Christ's Messiahship, though they might for a little while have been dazzled and dumb, the echoes of God's witnesses would have scarcely died away upon the air before these inveterate despisers of the truth, with their eyes upon the ground, as if in humility, and their hands upon their hearts, as if in sincerity, would have solemnly declared that they were honestly in doubt, and what they wanted was clearer light. Jesus exposes the shallowness of this skeptical subterfuge when he says, by the mouth of Abraham: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." The real difficulty is not the lack of conclusive proof, but the lack of logical fairness—the lack of moral willingness candidly to consider it.

This is the condemnation, that "light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." And this was the grievance of our Savior's rebuke on the memorable occasion when our text was uttered. He says to those ancient skeptics: "You come to me desiring light, demanding a demonstration, seeking after a sign, when you have already all around light shining in indubitable, if you would only on your eyes to see, if you would only bring to bear upon your character and claims the same facilities, and adopt the same methods, and proceed upon the same principles as you do in the world, and you can discern the face of the sky, but can not discern the signs of the times? Why is it that in the sphere of the spiritual only you take leave of reason and fairness and common sense?"

And this stern and sharp arraignment is no less warranted to-day than it was when uttered nearly two centuries ago. What the Pharisees Christianity claim for is not a blind, unreasoning faith, nor the abnegation of manhood, nor the succumbing to any maudlin and senseless sentimentalism. Christianity is not a mummified, cringing, servile, and unbecoming, but a manly, bold, and free, standing by the highway, begging for pity and for patronage. It is Christ's kingdom on earth, and in the name of God Almighty it demands that it be treated at least with common honesty. And here we are confronted by the humiliating, and if I may say so, the exasperating fact, that thoughtful men, able men, distinguished and scholarly men, even men supposed to be commonly candid and fair, do deal with the great facts of religion after a fashion, which in other departments of human knowledge, and in the case of things which are not so sacred, would be recognized as illogical and absurd. And in proof of this statement, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

Take this for example: There is such a thing as recorded history; history avouched as authentic by internal evidence, by tradition, by other corroborative, yet independent historians, by monumental vestiges, by our knowledge of indisputable facts that can only be satisfactorily accounted for on the hypothesis of the truth of such antecedent history.

In this way men are as solidly certified of ten thousand things that happened long ago as of any events transpiring to-day before their eyes. Julius Caesar was not a myth. Nobody but an idiot or an ignoramus would now doubt

his personal existence, or the fact of his personal existence. There was such a man as Napoleon Bonaparte. He did rise from the rank of ensign to be Emperor of France. He was defeated at Waterloo, and did die at St. Helena. Now the reality of the personality of Jesus of Nazareth is as indubitable as any fact of all recorded human history. That he was born in Bethlehem of Judea, and that he was a marvelous teacher, mighty in word and deed, and that he was put to death under Pontius Pilate, and during the reign of Augustus Caesar, are facts as absolutely certain as that George Washington was the first President of the United States, or that Chicago was scorched with fire in 1871.

Not is it less certain that this Jesus of Nazareth, who lived and died, and who is now, in the eyes of the great majority of men, a mere historical figure, is now, in the eyes of the great majority of men, a mere historical figure, is now, in the eyes of the great majority of men, a mere historical figure.

His resurrection from the dead was to be the great pivotal point, on which all gospel history should turn, and of this point we have proof in plenty to carry over-whelming conviction to any mind that is not so paranoic in prejudice as to be beyond all reach of evidence and argument. That the body was buried and that Roman soldiers guarded it, no rational man for a moment questions. That the body was not there on the morning of the first day of the week, is a fact which is as certain as the fact that the sun is shining. And yet, in spite of the watch, the stone, the seal, the soldiers themselves are obliged to declare, though with absurd and self-convincing falsehoods, that while they slept the disciples of Jesus stole his body away. Amazing confession for a moment's soldier's duty, and of this point we have proof in plenty to carry over-whelming conviction to any mind that is not so paranoic in prejudice as to be beyond all reach of evidence and argument. 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Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. J. B. Gambrell.

BEYOND THESE CHILLING WINDS.

NANCY ANNIE FOSTER.

Beyond these chilling wind and gloomy

skies.

Beyond death's solemn portal

There is a land where beauty never dies

And love becomes immortal.

A land where light is never dimmed by

shade.

Where those who loved are ever near

And bloom for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet the life

is.

How bright and fair its flowers

We may not hear the songs that echo

there.

Through those enchanted bowers.

That city's shining towers we may not see

With our dim earthly vision.

For death, the silent warder, holds the key

That opens gates e'erlast-

ing.

But sometimes when along the western

sky

The fiery sunbeams

Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly.

Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar

Glimpses from the inner glory

Stream brightly through the azure vault

above.

And half reveal the story.

Of that unknown, O land of "home divine."

Enter all who will, O land of "home divine."

Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine

Into those pastures vernal.

Editorial.

Father Love.

How often we go about our duties in a cold unsatisfactory way, feeling no strength, no buoyancy, no sense of love and light from above. It is only a dull routine to our care-blinded eyes; and yet the dear Father's love is over us all the while, the smile of his face obscured only by the clouds which we ourselves have helped to gather. Perhaps it is because we feel ourselves so small, so insignificant in remembrance by the great Creator, yet we know when we will take the time to think over it that "not a sparrow falleth" without his permission and "even the hairs of our heads are all numbered" and he has promised not to forget even the poorest and the meanest one who trusts in him. A short time ago when matters were not going just as smoothly as one might wish, when the burden of household cares seemed heavier than usual and the domestic machinery seemed sadly in need of the oil of grace and gladness one of our little girls said: "Mama, a gentleman is in the study waiting to see you," we went in and a gentleman of pleasant cheerful face framed by gray hair and heard rose to greet us. He looked so cheerful, so happy, so at peace with every one that it did us good to see him. The weather was exceedingly unpleasant yet he had rode miles through it to come to take his son home for the Christmas holidays. Said he "my older son would have come for his brother but he has a cold and I'm haled and it will not hurt me." I caught the lesson at once, "Like as a father pitieth them that fear him." His servant had unknowingly turned our thoughts into a higher better channel. The dear heavenly Father did not seem too far away, too busy with the great universe to heed the weakness and wants of a busy tired woman. Strange, we go on forgetting! Why cannot every woman especially every wife and mother learn to entwine every little care, each tiny cross and vexation everything that can grieve or annoy with our prayers as we do with the heavier burdens and take them hourly to the dear Lord "casting all your care on him for he careth for you."

M. T. G.

Children's Column.

From Sister Nelson.

DEAR MRS. GAMBRELL: Will you please allow me to report money received for the Mission Building in the Record? Bro. Hall has manifested a special interest in Carrollton, and says he wants the Little Missionary to build that house, so I report for that mission through his paper. You thought our mission house was crowded, and pretty well packed when you were here, but the next Sabbath it was full to overflowing; quite a number had to remain outside. The infant room and the main room were so crowded it was almost impossible to make the children hear our voices. I was much pleased to hear four of my class repeat the golden text of the entire year. All the class present on last Sunday promised to read the Bible through this year. I hope in this way to get their minds and hearts filled with the Word of Truth and Light. It is impossible to get near our children and teach the lesson as it should be taught. When the room was so

crowded the cry went up from many hearts for room, more room. That we can make these children comfortable, improve this grand opportunity of giving them instruction, is the Word of Life.

In this work around us pressing, will not all help a little, just a little?

Since my return in October, I have received the following amounts for the Valencia street Mission Building:

Mrs. Kemp's class	\$ 5 00
Mrs. Bates	2 50
Miss Alma Rathbun	2 50
Mr. Dale	50
Ladies M. S. of Dry Creek	4 00
" " " " " " " " " "	2 00
" " " " " " " " " "	2 00
L. M. S. Good Hope ch.	20 00
Mrs. Stone's class	60
Miss Mary Welsh's class	50
Miss Mag Welch	50
Unknown party	5
Mrs. Buck	2 50

Total \$41 65

Our lot is ready waiting for the foundation to be laid. Who will send the first dollar, or dollars for the new year?

I feel sure if the great need of these buildings in Jefferson and Carrollton was known and fully realized, the money would come in faster.

God bless you and yours this new year, and if best, bring you and the Record to New Orleans.

As ever, your fond friend,

MATTHEW J. NELSON

Selected.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

"Auf Wiedersehen!" and shall we "meet again?"

We say the words to lessen, dear, the pain.

When parting comes, and hearts are rent in twain.

Ah, yes, we say, Auf Wiedersehen!

"We meet again!"

"Auf Wiedersehen!" and do we "meet again?"

Does soul meet soul as clashing hands—

chain.

The "meeting" comes, or like some sad refrain.

Does each repeat—Auf Wiedersehen!

"We meet again!"

"Auf Wiedersehen!" say this, we'll meet again!

It speaks of promise and of friendship's chain.

Through the long silence, where hope it fligh-

hats to—

Say ever, dear, Auf Wiedersehen!

"We meet again!"

Auf Wiedersehen, Auf Wiedersehen!

Someday, my darling, we shall "meet again!"

On earth, in Heaven, I know not, only when

You come, you'll find me true beyond all ken.

Waiting to say—Auf Wiedersehen!

"We meet again!"

Auf Wiedersehen, Auf Wiedersehen!

Let love like ours, all sorrowing doubts dis-

tain—

High will be loyal—faithful, 'till unto pain—

Our souls shall answer—Auf Wiedersehen!

"We meet again!"

"BONNIE MARGARET."

The Maiden Martyr of Scotland.

MRS. MARY D. R. B. YD.

It was a beautiful morning in the hazy month of May. The sky was serene and without a speck of cloud, the orchards full of the scent of apple blossoms and the songs of the birds. Far away the hills were adame with purple heather and patches of yellow gorse, while the little hamlets that nestled in the shadow of the glens looked as if they were the abodes of peace and happiness.

But, alas! it was not so. This is a story of Scotland's martyrs, nearly two hundred years ago, when God's people were persecuted and slain only for asking to be allowed to worship him in spirit and in truth, according to the dictates of their own consciences.

The "puir hill folk," as the Covenanters were called by their friends were hunted from one rocky fastness to another, "wandering in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth." (1 Peter 2:6) often the escapes of these fugitives from their pursuers were so narrow as to appear miraculous—being in truth, singular interpositions of God's providence in their behalf.

For instance, that of Rev. Alexander Peden, who, venturing from his hiding place to visit a sick neighbor, was so closely followed by the dragoons, who had him fully in sight, that he was only saved by the rising of a snow white mist which enveloped him around like a cloak and completely screened him from observation.

On another occasion, the same good man was so hotly pursued that he had only time to creep into a narrow opening under a bank and lie down at full length. A horse of one of the troopers plunging through the soft, wet moss above him, crushed into the earth the bonnet or cap he wore, but left him uninjured or undiscovered.

Yet many were taken, chiefly in their hillside meetings for worship, and were either shot at the time of their apprehension or brought to a mock trial and sentenced to death, if they refused to abjure their faith and mode of worship, and conform to that of their oppressors.

On that bright May morning two women were sitting together in a narrow cell of the roughly built tolbooth, or jail in the town of Wigton, Galloway. They were both named Margaret; but while one was nearing her threescore years and ten, the other had scarcely seen eighteen blooming summer.

She was full of life and energy, while her companion, although she had continued steadfast and faithful before the council, was now cast down by many fears and forebodings as the time approached for the execution of their sentence. For, in case they did not take the oath of abjuration, they were condemned to be fastened to stakes within the tide mark of the sea and slowly drowned by the incoming waves.

The older woman, worn out by want of needful rest and refreshment had fallen into a light "drowse," with her gray, uncovered head leaning against the rough stone wall behind her.

Suddenly she started to her feet with a sharp, wailing cry:

"Oh, Johnnie, man, dinna leave me here to drown alone, all alone! Gin ye wad only gae wi' me, lad, and tak' a strong grip o' my puir weak hand!"

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. . . . For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour," repeated the clear voice of the girl Margaret, as she gently forced her companion again on the low bench, and kneeling before her, embraced and supported her with her strong young arms.

"Eh! it is you, lassie!—Bonnie Margaret, as they ca' ye. Ah, me! I dreamed I was back in the pleasant hill shieling on the green brae side, where I used to live langsyne with my John and the wee bairnies that are a' dead and gane years ago. Then it seemed that a great flood come to drown me, and I cried out. For the faces of the grewsome sea monsters looked like the faces of the cruel men who threatened us and drove us along wi' their pikes. Oh, lassie, I'm sore afraid."

"I, even I, am he that comforteth you; who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass?" aptly quoted "Bonnie Margaret."

"Oh, lassie, ye do me a world o' good. Can na' ye tell me mair o' these blessed words that seem like honey and the honeycomb?" said the poor creature, weeping gently, as she laid her head on her young companion's shoulder.

"Deed and I can then," cried the girl, her eyes kindling. "The troopers shield my precious wee Bible into the deep loch when they broke up our conventicle, as they ca'd it, and took us prisoners. But they could na' root the holy texts out of my heart and memory."

Still kneeling, she then repeated the greater part of the comforting chapter, beginning:

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would not have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also."

Then pausing awhile as if she were turning the leaves of a book, she began again with the sweetest bit of God's truth that is to be found between the two covers of the Bible:

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake are we killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

In such strengthening and profitable discourses as this the morning passed swiftly away. High noon came, which was the time fixed for the execution of their sentence. The crowd that had been gathering since early dawn now pressed nearer to the walls of the tolbooth. For it was announced that the Provost had arrived, and soon he and Maj. Windram, at the head of a party of dragoons, came clattering along the principle street of the town, their sabres drawn and flashing in the sunlight.

Then the two poor, defenseless women stepped meekly out, and being placed in the midst of the rude soldiery, who greeted them with taunts and ribald jests, the procession moved on in the direction of the sea.

Many were the expressions of sorrow and sympathy from those who accompanied them on their melancholy journey. Few had tasted a morsel of food that day, or

even kindled a fire in their habitations. For the hearts of the people were very sore at this pitiful sight of the two Margarets walking as calmly along as if they were "ganging to the kirk" on a sweet balmy Sabbath morn. The younger woman supported and aided her companion's failing steps, golden locks mingled with the silver, both soon to wear the martyr's crown of glory.

When they reached the shore, over which the tide had then begun to rise, a free pardon was offered to each or both of the prisoners on condition that they should take an oath to abjure all connection with the persecuted covenant folk. But this they steadily refused to do.

"If we have no part with Christ's dear servants," they added, "we can have no part with him. And if we deny him, he will deny us."

So they took the old Margaret and bound her to a stake set far out into the sea, so that the waves had already risen to her knees, thinking to intimidate a young companion with the sight of her dying struggles. But Bro. she was led away Bonnie Margaret embraced and kissed her.

She was then herself led to a stake, placed near the old Margaret, and her face forcibly set a position to watch the body of her friend, now sinking, not rising with the surging waves, till the last flutter of garments had disappeared and all was over. But Margaret was in no wise daunted by the sight; but, as the old Margaret tells us, sang in a clear, loud voice several verses of the twenty-fifth Psalm:

"To thee I lift my soul, O Lord, I trust in thee. My God, let me not be ashamed. Nor let mine enemies triumph over me."

"Turn unto me, O Lord, and answer me, for I am sore distressed. And to me mercy show; And to me do thou succor."

"My heart's griefs are increased. My soul from distress relieve. See my afflictions and my pain. And all my sin forgive."

"Oh, do thou keep my soul; Do thou deliver me. And let me never be ashamed. Because I trust in thee."

As she paused for breath, a woman's voice in the crowd arose with an exceedingly bitter cry:

"Oh, Margaret, my bonnie Bonnie Margaret, gie in, gie in, my bairnie—dinna drown Gin and tak' the oath."

"Whist, mither dear," replied the girl, "dinna ye ken that if we be dead with Christ, we shall also live with him? If we enar, we shall also reign with him."

Then another cried:

"Margaret, canna ye jst say 'God save the king?'"

What a thrill ran through the fast chilling veins of the young martyr at the sound of that manly voice, sending the life blood in crimson waves over cheek and brow! But after a moment's struggle with the ties of earth love, she answered, in low but firm tones:

"I pray God to save him of his great grace."

"She has said it, my led Provost; she has said: 'God save the King.' Let her go, Major Windram," cried several excited voices.

The soldier bent his head and whispered in Margaret's ear:

"Take the oath, foolish and obstinate girl, and I will see you even now."

Finding, however, that the heroic maiden continued firm in her refusal, and worn out by what he called her "foolishness," they left her to die. Her voice was still heard in prayer and praise until the water came up to her lips. Then her uplifted face seemed to shine with an ineffable glory, and after a few moments she was land's maiden martyr was laid in the "souls of those who wept, slain for the word of God and the testimony which they held."

"For they loved not their lives unto the death."

But down through the ages mingling with the mighty chant of old ocean, comes a voice from the dead to the living: "I have found redemption through the blood of the Lamb."

Reader, hast thou?—Christian Statesman.

A Silly Question.

When the resolution providing for a committee to investigate the liquor business was presented in the lower house of congress, it pained me to know it was intended to legislate about what a man should eat or drink.

This silly question is asked by some sap-headed fool every time the subject is mentioned. Every one knows or ought to know, that it is not the issue, that the real question is, shall the saloon system continue to exist? But they continue to ask if the law is going to dictate what a man shall eat or drink?

If this really were the issue, we

should not pause to meet it fairly and squarely, and to say, under certain circumstances and upon certain conditions—yes.

If you eat or drink that which makes you go home and turn your family out in the winter's cold—yes.

If you eat or drink that which turns you into a fiend, until your neighbor's little nine year old girl is made your victim, as was the case at Romney, Ind.—yes.

If you eat or drink that which makes you a public nuisance or a public charge—yes.

If you eat or drink that which makes you neglect your family, and leave them for the public to support—yes.

If you eat or drink that which makes your neighbor's taxes burdensome—yes.

If your eating or drinking interferes with the rights of others in any way—yes.

Your rights to eat and drink, or do anything else, cease when they infringe upon the rights of others, and the law not only should, but does, step in and say you shall go no farther. If you don't believe it, get drunk in any city where the law is enforced, and see how soon they will put you where you can't get liquor.

If you think the law has no right to say what you shall eat or drink, then you get there order or to get it and see if you get it. If your family happens to get in the poor house, let them order turkey stuffed with may—going south.

The law must say what they shall eat or drink. Maybe you will get in the county jail sometime, on a bread and water sentence. If you do, refuse to insist upon a chicken salad and oysters. These are only cases in which your appetite might be coerced for a limited time. Supposing you get into the penitentiary upon a life sentence, do you suppose they will let you take a Palmer House or Grand Pacific bill of fare with you, and let you order your meals from that? Why not? The law must not dictate what you shall eat or drink!

But, you say, you are not referring to criminals. What is a criminal? Simply one who has trespassed upon the personal or property rights of another, and whether you get it by eating, drinking or stealing, you are equally a fit subject for the law's interdiction, and it should, and does, stand between you and these you might wrong.

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

She is overworked, poor thing! Proud, honest, faithful, womanly, she determined to keep expenses down, and do the best she could. Right nobly has she done it, but a terrible cost when she was in her best. Her once plump and rosy cheeks are now hollow and colorless. She used to sleep lightly and peacefully, but now she drags on, after the other with painful weariness.

For the sake of the family she does not mention her aching back, her aching joints, her aching head, her aching heart, her aching soul, or the heavy weight that feels in her right side, that tells her her liver is going wrong. She thinks nobody knows about all that, and she will suffer on in quiet and uncomplaining patience. Alas! her heart is an open one, for it tells its story.

Whisper this in her ear, she ought to know it. *Dr. J. C. Ayer's Liver and Kidney Pills* will cure your liver, kidneys, and all your troubles. Do not be deceived. Next drugist.

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A PROMINENT MINISTER WRITES.

Dr. Modley—Dear Sir: After ten years of great suffering from indigestion or dyspepsia with great nervous prostration and biliousness, disordered kidneys and constipation. I have been cured by four bottles of your Lemon Elixir, and am now a well man.

Rev. M. C. Davis, Ed. M. E. Church South, No. 28 Tenth St., Atlanta, Ga.

FROM A PROMINENT LADY.

I have not been able in two years to walk or stand without great pain. Since taking Dr. Modley's Lemon Elixir, I can walk half a mile without the least inconvenience.

Mrs. R. H. Bloodworth, Griffin, Ga.

J. B. Wilkerson, Druggist, Atlanta, Ark. writes: Lemon Elixir is affecting the most wonderful cure. There is nothing like it for the diseases for which it is recommended.

De H. Modley: After years of suffering from indigestion, great debility and nervous prostration, with the usual female irregularities and derangements accompanying such a condition of a woman's health I have been cured by the use of your Lemon Elixir.

Mrs. E. Dennis, 45 Chapel St., Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. Modley's Lemon Elixir, prepared at 114 Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga. 9:40 a.m.

It cures all biliousness, constipation, indigestion, headache, neuralgia, kidney disease, fever, chills, impurities of the blood, debility, nervous prostration and all other diseases caused by a torpid liver.

Fifty cents for one half pint bottle. Sold by druggists generally.

For sale by R. R. L. Druggist, Jackson, Miss.

WATCHES, JEWELRY AND WATCHMAKING.

Leaves Jackson, Miss. 2:45 p.m.

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BAPTIST RECORD JOB OFFICE, CLINTON, MISS.